Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword[8], and life to death.
That man, that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroach,
In shadow of such greatness! With you, lord bishop,
It is even so:—Who hath not heard it spoken,
How deep you were within the books of God ?
To us, the speaker in his parliament;
To us, the imagin'd voice of God himself[4];
The very opener and intelligencer^
Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven[5],
And our dull workings [6]: O, who shall believe,
But you misuse the reverence of your place;
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,
As a false favourite doth his prince's name,

** coming foorth amongst them *clad in armour*, he incouraged and
pricked them foorth to take the enterprise in hand.'* STEEVENS.

[3] 'Turning the word to sword, &c.] A similar thought occurs
in Gowe's Confessio Amantis. 1554k:

** Into the *sworde* the churche kave
** *Is turned*, and the holy bede," &c.
STEEVENS.

4 — the IMAGIN'D voice of God himself;] The old copies, by
an apparent error of the press, have—*' the *imagine* voice." Mr.
Pope introduced the reading of the text. Perhaps Shakspeare
wrote—

*e To us, the *image* and voice," &c.

So, in a subsequent scene :

" And he, the noble *image* of my youth."
MALONE.

I cannot persuade myself to reject a harmonious reading, that
another eminently harsh may supply its place.
STEEVENS.

5 — the sanctities of heaven,] This expression Milton has
copied:

** Around him all the *sanctities of heaven*
tt Stood thick as stars." JOHNSON.

6 — workings:] I. e. labours of thought. So, in King Henry V.:

£< _— the forge and *working-house*

of thought.'*

STEEVENS,